

"The A. O. U. W."

A MUSICAL LECTURE



ILLUSTRATED BY ORIGINAL SONGS

Set to Familiar Tunes with
Introductions in Prose, and setting forth the Origin,
History and Achievements of the

Ancient Order of United Workmen

By SAM BOOTH

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A WORD OF EXPLANATION

The songs included in this little book have nearly all, at one time or another, been published in the A. O. U. W.—the Workmen's official organ of the Grand Jurisdiction of California. I am continually receiving applications, however, for some of them, from brethren in various parts of the country, and so, believing that their circulation will be for the good of the Order, I have been persuaded to publish them collectively in this more convenient and enduring form.

I arranged them as they are now presented, with explanatory introductions in prose, for my own convenience, as a Musical Lecture, and delivered it a number of times with more or less success, and I have no doubt but there are many brothers of the Order who can use them in a similar manner with still greater success. There are others who can make selections from them and sing them for their own amusement, under the head of "Good of the Order," or at Lodge Entertainments, and if they get as much fun out of them as their composer, they will certainly have no cause to complain.

Fraternally, in C., H. and P.,

SAM BOOTH.

Published with the consent and by the authority of

CHAS. E. SNOOK,

Grand Master A. O. U. W. of California

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THE A. O. U. W.

Its Origin, History and Achievements

A MUSICAL LECTURE

BY SAM BOOTH, P. G. M. W.

It is said, that the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one did grow before, is, to that extent, a benefactor of the race. In like manner, in regard to the diffusion of useful knowledge, it may be said, that he who imparts to others information which may be helpful to him, and through him in ever-widening circles to others, is also a benefactor of the race. I also contend that the man who evokes a smile on faces where only soberness and frowns are accustomed to dwell, may also have some claims to be considered a benefactor of the race. The first enlarges our material resources; the second extends the sphere of our knowledge; the third contributes to our pleasure in the enjoyment of the other two, if we have them, and to our happiness, whether we have them or not. I propose to make a feeble attempt in the direction of both of the two latter propositions.

For a time, so long ago that the memory of man goeth not back to the contrary, the more intelligent of the classes of men whose lot it is to earn their bread by the sweat of their faces, have been studying and contriving ways and means of ameliorating their condition, while life and health permitted them to pursue their avocations, and to make provisions for those dependent on them when death

or failing health prevented them from doing so. And so we read of trades guilds and labor organizations in the old trade centers of ancient and mediaeval times. That they were the means of doing good, and of easing the burdens of those who were oppressed and heavy laden, we have no reason to doubt. We have trades unions and labor leagues in our own times, and they are all calculated and intended to be of great benefit to their members and their families. That they are not always conducted with the highest wisdom, and that they sometimes fall short of the high ideals, and fail in attaining the great objects of their champions and projectors, is to say that they are human, and the offspring of human hands and brains.

In 1868, there was living at Meadville, Penn., a member of one of these organizations by the name of JOHN JORDAN UPCHURCH, a master mechanic in the railroad shops of that town. This man, though born to the lot of the poor whites of the south before the war, with few natural advantages, hardly any opportunities in the way of education, and suffering withal most grievous misfortune in his early youth, had, nevertheless, by diligent application of qualities, characteristic of a down East Yankee, rather than a native of the Carolinas, worked his way up to positions of trust and responsibility. With his habits of shrewd observation, he had seen, and experienced in his own person, the inutility of the present methods of redressing the wrongs suffered by the laboring classes and adjusting the differences between labor and capital, and also of making provision for the families and dependents of the "breadwinner," while in health, against the time when he could no longer do so. For years he had been pondering and turning these matters over in his mind, and at length, on the 27th day of October, 1868, with twelve of his friends and fellow-craftsmen, he evolved the scheme which eventually became known to the world as the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

And this brings us to our first song, "Father Upchurch," to the air of "A Fine Old English Gentleman."

RBC
NcU

“FATHER UPCHURCH.”

Air—“A Fine Old English Gentleman.”

I'll sing to you a modern song, made by a modest
pate,
Of an antiquated Workman, with a very small
estate,
Who earned a modest livelihood in Pennsylvania
State.
And came to see his children, living by the Golden
Gate—

This fine American Gentleman, all of the modern
time.

When he was born no songs were sung, no flatter-
ing things were said,
Nor did kind Fortune on his path her bounteous
blessings shed,
Nor was the realm of knowledge to his youthful
vision spread,
But every day he had to say, he'd earn his daily
bread—

Like a fine American Gentleman, all of the modern
time.

As one by one the years rolled on, he came to man's
estate,
And then, no doubt, he cast about until he found his
mate;
Then like a loyal citizen he began to populate
The State of Pennsylvania at a very rapid rate—

Like a fine American Gentleman, all of the modern
time.

To keep his numerous family well clothed, and
housed, and fed,
And make provision for them against the time
when he was dead,
A mutual Protection plan kept running through his
head
And lo! our Ancient Order on its glorious mission
sped —

From this fine American Gentleman, all of the
modern time.

From State to State the Order grew among the
great and small,
And lodges organized in every city and town hall,
And thousands of good citizens to join them got a
call
And look on "Father Upchurch" as the daddy of
them all—
This fine American Gentleman, all of the modern
time.

It's two and thirty years now since the Order first
began,
And like a heavenly benediction through the coun-
try ran,
And fifty thousand families now bless the good old
man
Whose kindly heart and fertile brain wrought out
the glorious plan—
Of this fine American Gentleman, all of the
modern time.

—Sam Booth.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF WORKMEN.

Between the trade guilds and labor unions, ancient and modern, and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, is this essential difference: that, whereas, members of the ancient guild of weavers, or glovers, or the modern carpenters' union must be a weaver, a glover, or a carpenter, there is no such restriction in regard to the members of the A. O. U. W.

The glory of our Order is, that its members comprise "all sorts and conditions of men," the only stipulation on joining the order being, that they shall be white males, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, able to earn a living for themselves and those dependent on them, acknowledge a belief in the Deity, be of good moral character, and physically able to pass a medical examination.

It is almost impossible to conceive of conditions more liberal, combined with safety, than these. In

almost every Lodge may be found men of various trades, professions and nativities; also, men who never had the opportunity of learning a trade, and men who have no need to work at one. And while it is by its birth and nationality emphatically an American institution, go into almost any Lodge, and you will hear, as the business of the Lodge is transacted, not only the twang of the Yankee and the dialect of Dixie, but the brogue of County Cork and the patois of the Fatherland. Men may differ in their religious beliefs, each going their own way, as they fondly believe, to the same heaven. One man may be a redhot Republican gold money expansionist, and the man sitting next to him a sixteen-to-one dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, while on the opposite side of the room may be a rank, rabid, long-haired Populist, who believes that the country is going to the dogs anyhow. But all forget these differences when they meet in a common Brotherhood before the Altar of Workmanship to sacrifice in the interest of "Charity, Hope and Protection."

And this brings us to our second song, "The Brotherhood of Workmen."

THE WORKMAN

Air—"The Showman."

Of all the guilds of Charity, in country, town, or
city.

That ply the gentle labors of Beneficence and Pity,
For kindly hearts and gentle hands and charitable
deed,

And works of Love's sweet ministry, the Workmen
take the lead.

And so we sing the Workmen, the Brotherhood of
Workmen,

For Charity is all the plea that binds us to the
Workmen.

Here laboring men sit side by side with lawyers
and physicians,
And simple-minded, honest men with cunning
politicians;
Here famous men and millionaires are in the same
degree,
And claim a common brotherhood with men like
you and me.
And so we sing the Workmen, the Brotherhood of
Workmen,
For Kindness and Fraternity abound among the
Workmen.

Here you may meet fraternally your many friends
and neighbors,
Good men and true to share with you your pleasures
and your labors;
Here you may find a Brother's aid for all the ills
of life,
And when you die we give two thousand dollars to
your wife.
And so we sing the Workmen, The Ancient Order
of Workmen,
For Charity and Fraternity abound among the
Workmen.

—Sam Booth.

HEAVEN-BORN CHARITY.

Upon the Altar of every Workman Lodge is the Bible, not as an ostentatious assumption of superior goodness, or as the emblem of any particular or distinctive creed, but because it is the clearest revelation of God's will to man, and because within its pages are found the best rules for the guidance of our lives and conduct, and unless it is there, and in its place, no Lodge can be regularly opened, and no Lodge business legally transacted. It is opened at the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, wherein the great apostle is expatiating on the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, the "greatest" of which, he declares, is Charity, and it is open at this particular place, so that it may be

a constant reminder to all Workmen that their dealings with each other, and with all mankind, may be governed by this sublimest of all the virtues.

Charity is but another name for the warmer sentiment of Love, and though it may imply the feelings which condones, pities, and sympathizes with sorrow and misfortune, as the ruling principle of a Workman's creed, it also implies material aid and assistance, as well as kind words, for the distressed and unfortunate. But while our hearts may overflow with sympathy, and our hands be wide open with liberal assistance for a brother or a stranger in distress, there is nothing more repugnant to a true and self-respecting Workman than the idea of giving or receiving "alms." When we undertake to aid a brother or a brother's family in distress, we are only fulfilling an obligation which each one assumes toward the other on becoming members of the Order—"Helping a brother to help himself."

And this brings us to our third musical illustration, "Heaven-born Charity," to the air of "Brown October Ale."

"HEAVEN-BORN CHARITY."

Air—"Brown October Ale," from Robin Hood.

O will ye come with me, my lads, O will ye come
with me,
And join your hands with Workmen bands in sweet
Fraternity,
To shield from ill each Workman's home, bid want
and sorrow flee,
And bring new Hope to every man, and practice
Charity.
Then out, lads, and shout, lads, the Workman's
roundelay,
In all our days we'll sing the praise of Heaven-
born Charity.
Then out, lads, and shout, lads, the Workman's
roundelay,
In all our days we'll sing the praise of Heaven-
born Charity.

O will ye come with me, my lads, O will ye come
with me
Where sorrow sighs with tearful eyes and little
children mourn,
To bring relief to hungry homes and cheer the
hearts forlorn,
Bring joy and peace to every soul, and drive despair
away.

Then out, lads, and shout, lads, the Workman's
roundelay,

In all our days we'll sing the praise of Heaven-
born Charity.

Then out, lads, and shout, lads, the Workman's
roundelay,

In all our days we'll sing the praise of Heaven-
born Charity.

HE WAS IN IT.

There are many wise saws warning us "Never to put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day," that "Delays are dangerous," and "We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth," etc. It is bad enough to neglect these warnings when one has no one but himself to think about, but when there are others, perhaps helpless ones, dependent on us, and we refuse to avail ourselves of the opportunity to provide for a "rainy day," our neglect becomes criminal. For lack of this providential foresight, involving, perhaps, a little thrift and sacrifice in the meantime, our jails are filled with criminals and our poorhouses with paupers; while those who are guilty of this neglect, after enduring an old age of discomfort and privation, leave to those who come after them a legacy of poverty and possible degradation. Instances of these neglected opportunities, with the cruel consequences they entail on their innocent victims, are within the knowledge and experience of almost every one. You have at this moment, undoubtedly, many of you, in your mind's eye instances of men with families dependent on them, who at one time or another were able to lay by a little and so make provision for them,

or to take out a policy in their favor in the Workmen, or some such kindred organization, but who, for lack of a little forethought, or perhaps unwillingness to forego the indulgence of some apparently cheap luxury—the habitual cigar or drink, perhaps—have brought upon those they love untold and unremitting hardship, and upon themselves unceasing regret. Alas! too late they come to realize that—

“The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are those sad words, ‘It might have been.’ ”

In further illustration of this part of our theme we introduce our fourth song, to the air of “He Was In It.”

HE WAS IN IT.”

I called at the house of a friend whom I knew—

He was in it.

And asked him to join the A. O. U. W.,

And get in it.

He asked what it cost to get in and to stay;

I told him the price of a drink every day,

But he said that he thought it was too much to pay,

To get in it.

The rain fell one day in a pitiless shower—

He was in it.

He got drenched to the skin by the heavy down-pour—

He was in it.

He caught a bad cold by the wetting, he said;

He had pains in his limbs, and his back, and his head.

Pneumonia set in and they put him to bed.

He was in it.

In spite of good nursing his symptoms grew worse
Every minute.

The doctors and physic soon took from his purse

What was in it.

They told the poor wife to be patient and brave,

While vainly they tried the poor husband to save.

By the side of Lone Mountain—God’s acre—they
dug him a grave.

He is in it.

O'er the hills to the poorhouse the family did go—
 They are in it.
The purse nad got empty, the larder also;
 Nothing in it.
And O! the sad wail and the heartbroken cry
Of the widow and orphans as hopeless they sigh,
The objects of pity to all who pass by,
 While they're in it.

A moral there is to the tale I have told—
 Are you in it?
The healthiest people are apt to catch cold,
 And get in it.
If you are invited the Workmen to join,
Don't say it's too dear, and the offer decline;
And I pray you take heed to this story of mine,
 And get in it.

—Sam Booth.

THE CLASSIFIED PLAN.

To those who have been identified with our grand old Order for any considerable time, its early struggles and difficulties, and the way they have been triumphantly overcome, is a most interesting study. The "Old Line" life insurance companies regarded us as bungling novices in the business, and predicted speedy failure. And it is probably true that we have made mistakes. But one of the most gratifying circumstances connected with our Order is, that when the mistake has become apparent, it has been rectified, and the remedy applied, not only without injury, but with the most satisfactory results to the Order. The manner of levying the Beneficiary Assessments is a case in point. In the early history of the Order, the "Level Assessment" plan was universally adopted, and it worked well enough while the Order was young, and is, in fact, in vogue yet in some of the younger and more vigorous Grand Jurisdictions. But experience, and a study of mortality tables and mortuary statistics, convinced the wisest and best men of the Order of the unfairness and inequality of assessing the

young men, whose life expectation was comparatively long, at the same rate as the old man, whose life expectancy was naturally short. And so, after long and serious consideration, the "Classified Plan" of assessment was adopted in the Supreme Lodge, and permitted to such Grand Jurisdictions as, by vote of its members, desired to adopt it. It was adopted by California in September, 1896, and the condition and prospects of the Order to-day, as compared with its condition and prospects before, and at the time of its adoption, are gratifying proofs of the wisdom of that proceeding.

And this will serve to introduce our fifth musical number, "The Classified Plan," to the air of "Billy Barlow."

THE CLASSIFIED PLAN.

Air—"Billy Barlow."

O Workmen and Brothers, come list to my song,
Of how our dear Order is marching along;
For the thirty-two years since the good work began
To the time we adopted the "Classified Plan."

When good "Father Upchurch" his mission proclaimed,
And the Order of United Workmen was named—
The wisest and best ever thought of by man,
Undreamt of by him was the Classified Plan.

Through old Pennsylvania the Order did go;
Ohio, Missouri, New England, also;
Through cities and towns like a cyclone it ran,
With never a thought of the Classified Plan.

The North and the South, lately met in fierce fight.
In "Charity, Hope and Protection" unite,
With our own California well up in the van,
Though still not a thought of the Classified Plan.

For twenty-five years we were prosperous then,
And were joined by all kinds and conditions of men—
The banker, the tradesman, the skilled artisan—
And as yet with no need of the Classified Plan.

In the meantime the members grew older apace,
And enough of young men were not taking their
place;
By a glance through the ranks the observer might
scan
The time had now come for the Classified Plan.

For as members grew older, it soon became known,
Assessments went up, as our numbers went down;
California was doomed, and lay under a ban,
Unless we adopted the Classified Plan.

But thanks to the wisdom and courage of all,
Who saw the decline, and prevented the fall,
Barnes, Danforth, and "Dave," and the "Little grey
man,"
Who worked with their might for the Classified
Plan.

And now was arrested the hand of decay—
Of membership failing and dwindling away;
New hope was inspired, and new confidence ran
Through all the broad land with the Classified Plan.

Mechanics and merchants left factories and stores,
The professor his books, and the farmer his chores.
The mining prospector his pick and his pan,
To join with us under the Classified Plan.

Through the length and the breadth of our great
Golden State
The brethren were roused by the earnest debate;
Old Lodges revived and new Lodges began
To work with new life on the Classified Plan.

Then let every Workman unite hand and heart
To build up our Order, each doing his part;
And the blessing of God and the praises of man
Will attend the good work of the Classified Plan.

LOCKED OUT.

We have been laboring to but little purpose if we have not made it apparent by this time that fraternal, co-operative, beneficiary societies are a good thing. But like many other good things—good in themselves—it is quite possible to get too much, or to many of them. Whiskey—a little of it—is said to be a good thing, when used in moderation, or as medicine. Water, wind and fire are man's most useful servants, and each a blessing when used properly. But when abused, or when they get beyond control, they become dangerous, and sometimes involve their erstwhile masters in destruction. And so, in like manner, it is quite possible to assume too many fraternal obligations—to become a member of too many beneficiary orders.

A man who is a member of half a score of fraternal and beneficiary orders, some of them working in opposition to each other, will find it utterly impossible to discharge his obligations to all. Such a man will be liable to the appraisement that he may be "worth more dead than alive." It is told of the wife of such a man, that when a neighbor was congratulating her on the prospect of becoming a rich woman when her husband died—being his beneficiary to so many orders of which he was a member—replied, "Yes, but, confound it, he won't die." Another serious objection to being a member of too many orders is, that if he attends to his duties he will be out and away from home too many nights in the week, and perhaps too late at night, and thus render himself liable to suspicion, and be the cause of domestic trouble, and he will be a lucky man if he gets out of it as easy as the hero of the following song, who was "Locked Out."

LOCKED OUT.

Air from "The Mikado."

When I got home last Saturday night

The hour was growing late.

"Good Fellowship" Lodge had been quite full,

To take in a candidate.

But when I got there and tried the door
The dog began to bark;
The door was locked and barred, and I
Was left alone in the dark—the dreadful dark.
I kicked and yelled for an hour or two,
Till I could no longer doubt
My wife had got mad, and gone to bed,
And locked and barred me out.

The night was cold, and a drizzling rain
Did not for a moment cease,
And a big policeman took me in
Because I disturbed his peace.
He took me down to the City Hall,
With pimps and thieves to dwell,
And left me there till morning came,
In a dark and dismal cell—dismal cell.
I paid my fine, and I went straight home
In a fury of rage and pain,
And then my wife made weary my life when I came
home again.

But now we have both been reconciled,
And all is peace again;
We've joined a Lodge of the D. of H.,
Called "Harmonie" number ten.
She sits in the Chief of Honor's chair,
And I sit by her side,
And while she governs the Lodge, I act
As her counsellor and guide—and guide.
I call her "Sister Mary Ann,"
And, tickled to death I am.
When she, for advice, turns over so nice
And calls me her "Brother Sam."

A HOT TIME.

If the Ancient Order of United Workmen had never done anything more than to introduce the system of "co-operative fraternal life insurance," that achievement alone would entitle its founders to the gratitude of mankind. It is no exaggeration to say, that during the thirty-two years of its existence it, and the kindred organizations modelled

after it, and following its lead, have done more in this direction for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and lower-middle classes than had been accomplished by all the so-called fraternal, benevolent and social societies which had ever been in existence up to the time of its organization. It has distributed one hundred and ten million dollars, almost exclusively among the needy classes above alluded to, in small fortunes of two thousand dollars each, to the widows and orphans or other beneficiaries of its deceased members. Fifty-five thousand homes have been made brighter and more cheerful—if not rescued entirely from want and degradation—by its beneficent ministrations, and not less than two hundred and sixty thousand persons have been directly benefited by its aid. But while the great majority of our members join the Order for the sake of the beneficiary advantages it holds out, it is no less admirable, in my opinion, for its fraternal and social privileges. While it is true that but few of the Lodges avail themselves to the full extent of these privileges, the Lodges that do enjoy them could tell those that do not that they lose the most enjoyable features of Lodge membership. There is not much enjoyment to be got out of the unvarying monotony of ordinary Lodge business, and the members of a Lodge who can bring out nothing more in the way of entertainment, need not expect anything but empty benches in a listless Lodge.

It will be said by some Lodges that they have no talent for entertaining either themselves or anybody else. I doubt if there are any Lodges in quite such a predicament. Who have not among their members some one, or more, who can sing, recite, or tell a story? At any rate, there are none who cannot make an effort in this direction, and ten to one but they would agreeably surprise themselves with the result.

One sometimes hears, even among our own members, talk belittling the fraternal feature of the Order. It is safe to say that such members—if they attend their Lodge at all—pay but little heed to that question in the Order of Business, "Are there

any members sick, in distress, or out of employment?" And still less do they consider that but for this fraternal feature, as exemplified through the Supreme Board of Relief, we in the Grand Jurisdiction of California would have been paying one or two assessments a year more than we have been called upon to do. They have not read bow, that some years ago, when a portion of our country was stricken with an epidemic of yellow fever, or the more recent calamity at Galveston, and the death rate in those sections was abnormally great in consequence, that the members of the Order all over the country came to the rescue, and by extra assessments on themselves helped their brothers in distress to tide over their misfortunes. It is this social and fraternal feeling, I take it, which brings us here to-night, and as a musical contribution to this end, we will introduce "A Hot Time with the Workmen To-night."

A GOOD TIME WITH THE WORKMEN.

Air—"A Hot Time in the Old Town."

Brother Workmen gather round us here
And join us in a song,
For the great and glorious order
Unto which we all belong,
Bring your sisters and your mothers
And your sweethearts and your wives,
And get two thousand dollars
Of insurance on your lives.

CHORUS:

Sing, boys, sing, for every Lodge and brother,
Sing, boys, sing, for sister, wife and mother,
Sing, boys, sing, Protection for each other
And a good time with the Workmen to-night.

Here you meet your friends and neighbors
In a kind and friendly way,
And may spend a pleasant evening
After working all the day.

Or, if you should be unfortunate
And troubles round you press,
You'll have friends to call and comfort you
In sorrow and distress.

CHORUS.

Then sing, boys, sing, etc.

If you're traveling through the country,
You will find from end to end
In every town a Lodge of Workmen
And in every lodge a friend,
Or, if design or accident
Should snap your thread of life
The protection of the order would
Be given to your wife.

CHORUS.

Sing, boys, sing, etc.

FAIRY TALES.

When the four bonanza kings had swept the Comstock, and cleared out, as they thought, every thing of value at Gold Hill, Nevada, they are reputed to have divided among them something over ten million dollars apiece. How this vast sum was accumulated, how many poor, foolish people, were "manipulated" out of their scanty savings to swell the aggregate, will never be known, till the Recording Angel's books are finally expeted. Our quartet of railroad magnates are reputed to have "annexed" a great deal more than this, and most of it, in the hands of the original syndicate or their successors, is being multiplied into more and more millions. A part of this has been diverted to nobler uses. A "dispensation of Providence," as we sometimes call these visitations, led perhaps the noblest of them and his nobler wife, to appropriate a portion of his accumulations to the endowment of the great university at Palo Alto in memory of a beloved and only son, taken from them in early youth. Exactly how much money has been devoted to this magnifi

cent enterprise perhaps no one but those immediately interested can tell, but ten millions is probably a low estimate. It was a glorious conception and it is coming to glorious maturity. It will enable the ambitious youth of our Golden State to fit themselves for great and useful lives, leaving behind them perhaps legacies in the realms of literature, art and science which may be benefactions to the entire human family. Since the organization of the Order in California, twenty-six years ago, we have distributed to the beneficiaries of our brothers who have "gone before" the sum of ten million dollars. Five thousand homes have felt the kindly touch of its splendid beneficence. Five thousand families have been rescued from penury and want—the widowed mothers restored to comparative ease and comfort, the sons afforded opportunities of education and the attainment of positions of honor and usefulness in the community, and the daughters to become the proud and happy mothers of the commonwealth. During the six years in which I have handled the funds of this institution, it has been my happy privilege to distribute over three millions and a half of this money. And when Carnegie, Stanford, Peabody and a few more of us get up yonder, and Peter asks us what we have done with the money intrusted to us, and what good it has done to those we gave it to, I think I can make about as good an accounting as any of them, and this will serve as an introduction to "Fairy Tales."

Air—"Fairy Tales."

When Upchurch and his chosen few
Founded the A. O. U. W.,
The "old line" prophets said they knew
T'was only a fairy tale.

They said five years would surely see,
The last of this Fraternity,
And every Workman Lodge would be,
A vanishing fairy tale.

Fairy tale, fairy tale—we hear them every day,
List for awhile with a synical smile,
Then wink and walk away,

Four hundred thousand men now grip,
Fraternal hands in Workmanship,
Fairy tales, fairy tales—this is no fairy tale.

A hundred million dollars we
Distributed from sea to sea,
So vast a sum, it seems to be

A wonderous fairy tale.

In fifty thousand Workmen's homes,
Instead of hungry sprites and gnomes,
The Workmen's benediction comes,

A blessed fairy tale.

Fairy tales, fairy tales, we hear them every day.

Telling of cheer and wiping the tear

Of want and care away,

Children singing all day long

Joyful strains of a Workman song,—

Fairy tales fairy tales, wonderful fairy tales.

Our D. of H. is moving on,

From Florida to Washington,

And the good work which they have done,

Reads like a fairy tale.

Men said that girls,—both old and young,

Could neither speak, nor hold their tongue,

But time has proved their stories wrong,

And only a fairy tale.

Fairy tales, fairy tales. we hear them now and then.

Some of the "girls" can govern a Lodge as well as

some of the men,

With Ney and Norman at the head,

The Order is bound to thrive and spread.

Fairy tales, fairy tales, beautiful fairy tales.

"CATCH HOLD AND PUSH."

To an outsider, and to one unacquainted with A. O. U. W. literature, the mystic initials, "C. H. and P.", are a puzzle and a source of curiosity. To the initiated, however, they stand for a motto, which every true Workman is proud to acknowledge, and for Virtues, which he is bound to practice. The great apostle of the Gentiles, in his exordium of the Virtues, and in the passage which lies before the

eyes of every Workman as he stands before the Altar of his Lodge, says, that "the greatest of these is Charity." We are also told that "it is Hope which nerves the toiler's arm, inspires the weary mind, and incites to noble deeds." And that "Protection" is a sentiment without which all our professions are vain. These three joined together make a combination which might well be the shibboleth of the most exalted form of the most advanced type of civilization.

In their name, then, and under their inspiring influence, the Ancient Order of United Workmen is entitled to take front rank among the agencies which have for their object the elevation and happiness of mankind.

But "C., H. and P." have been construed in the formation of other sentences and combinations, and without specifying all of them, or trying to extend the list, we may mention the construction put upon them by the Alameda, California, Extension Committee. Their definition of the meaning of "C., H. and P." is, "Catch Hold and Push," and whether they find inspiration in the definition or not, certain it is, that the Brothers of that county are among the most active, energetic, and successful workers of the Order in the state.

I have taken the liberty to make it the "burden" of a song to the old Scotch air of "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

"CATCH HOLD AND PUSH."

Air—"Comin' Through the Rye."

If you want to win life's battle,
Catch hold and push.
Go where bullets fiercest rattle—
Catch hold and push.
Victory comes to those who win it
In the final rush,
And the men most strictly "in it"
Catch hold and push.

If you want to get possession,
Catch hold and push.
If you'd be in the "procession,"
Catch hold and push.
If Dame Fortune you would woo her,
Do not stand and blush.
Those who with success would sue her,
Catch hold and push.

Whatsoe-er be your condition,
Catch hold and push.
Pedagogue or politician—
Catch hold and push.
Those who win official favor,
Cultivate "the Push;"
And don't depend on good behavior—
Catch hold and push.

If your Lodge is poor and lowly,
Catch hold and push.
If new members come in slowly,
Catch hold and push.
Let your burdens be each others',
Let the growlers hush;
Success will come when all the Brothers,
Catch hold and push.

A GRANGER'S VISIT TO "FRISCO."

Very early in the history of the race, the good book says, it was not good for a man to be alone, and ever since and all the way down the ages, man has been of the same opinion himself. Some of us find this out earlier in life than others, and, taking time by the forelock and a woman by the armlock, have so much longer in which to enjoy whatever is fairest, sweetest and happiest in life. In like manner society, under whatever name—social, charitable or fraternal—has come to the same conclusion. And hence the Masons have for consort the Order of Eastern Star, the Odd Fellow has for helpmeet Rebecca, and the Workmen have for sisters the ladies of the Degree of Honor.

As women are the first and most painful sufferers when sickness, death or other misfortunes invade the home, so they are, naturally, the most interested in caring for and preserving the home. The Ancient Order of United Workmen is emphatically the conservator of the home, and hence the ladies of the D. of H. love the Workmen, and vice versa. And why shouldn't they be a mutual admiration society, since they are not only sisters and brothers in the lodge-room, but, in many instances, sustain even closer and more sacred relations in the home.

And this will be further illustrated by "A Granger's visit to San Francisco, and What Came of It."

A GRANGER'S VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

Air—"The Cork Leg."

I'm right from the mountains of Siskiyou;
Come listen awhile, and I'll tell to you
Of how, up there, on the Oregon border,
We started a Lodge of our Ancient Order,
Ri tu ri nu, etc.

Last summer and fall we had done quite well,
And I came to the city the crops to sell,
And I happened to meet an old friend one night,
Who took me around to look at the sights—
Ri tu, etc.

We went to the place where the Lodges meet,
In a beautiful hall on Market street;
T'was an open meeting for social glee—
A sort of brotherly jamboree—ri tu, etc.

There were speeches and music and reading and
song;
And all in good humor, and none of them long,
There was fiddling and dancing for those who did
like it,
And they ended it all with a doughnut racket—
Ri tu, etc.

Brother Barnes, he told what the Order had done,
For the orphans, whose fathers had left them alone,
And the widows, whose husbands were laid on the
shelf,
That I almost wished I was a widow myself—
Ri tu, etc.

The stories and speeches seemed all so true,
About what the order was bound to do,
I was half persuaded to join them too,
And start up a Lodge in Siskiyou—ri tu, etc.

I appned for admission and paid my fee,
And stayed in the city to take my degree,
And then for home I was soon en route,
With my benefit papers all duly made out—
Ri tu, etc.

I talked with my neighbors when I got home,
I got up a meeting and asked them to come,
I made them a speech, and I told what I'd done.
And we started a Workman Lodge of our own—
Ri tu, etc.

And the women, God bless them, helped on the
scheme,
For they know we are doing it all for them,
And one of the ladies, she took it upon her,
To introduce the Degree of Honor—ri tu, etc.

Now the best thing that ever occurred to me,
Was joining the order of that degree,
And I bless the luck every day of my life,
For the Chief of Honor is now my wife—ri tu, etc.

THE A. O. U. W.—THE OLDEST, THE SAFEST,
AND THE BEST.

It is the legitimate boast of Workmen that they
are participants in the oldest, the safest, and the
best life insurance organization doing business on
the mutual co-operative beneficent plan. That we
are the oldest is proved by the date of our organiza-

tion, as compared with the date of any other organization doing business on a similar plan. The two and thirty years of our existence has given us the stamp of maturity. The mistakes we may have made have been frankly met and honestly remedied, and the experience we have gained places us beyond the stage of further experiment. Four hundred and twenty thousand good and true men, representing over two millions of people, have pinned their faith on the permanence and perpetuity of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, a record far exceeding that of any of the mushroom societies that are still in the experimental stage. In proof of our safety we are proud to place on record the facts that in paying out one hundred and ten million dollars to the beneficiaries of deceased brothers, and in handling an insurance business of over eight hundred million dollars, not one dollar is known to have been diverted from its legitimate purpose and into the pockets of those who have the handling of it. Moreover, if it were known that such had been the case, the party so offending would be cast out of the Order as a disgrace to the brotherhood and a thing unfit for the society of decent men. If the foregoing is true, it surely follows, without further argument, that an organization of which such things can be said must be the best.

“Do We Want It?”

THE A. O. U. W.—DO WE WANT IT?

Air—“Do We Want Him.”

Of our great Fraternal Order—the A. O. U. W.—

Do we want it? Do we want it?

Come gather round while in its praise we sing a
verse or two—

Do we want it? Well, I should say so.

For two and thirty years now has her Charity been
known,

Inspired by “Hope” the weary minds which else
were sad and lone,

And the mantle of “Protection” round the weak and
helpless thrown.

Do we want it? Well, I should say so.

A.—A.—O. U. W.

Join a Workman Lodge and nothing ill can
trouble you.

You'll meet companions, good and true,
The world will have no dread for you.

Of all the Orders, old and new,

The Workmen is the best.

From the everglades of Florida it reaches up to
Maine—

Do we like it? Do we like it?

From Canada to Washington it crosses hill and
plain—

Do we like it? Well, I should say so.

In every town and hamlet on this Occidental strand,
From Oregon to Mexico, the Workman's altars
stand,

And the gentle touch of Workmanship is felt on
every hand.

Do we want it? Well, I should say so.

A.—A.—O. U. W.

Join a Workman Lodge and nothing ill can
trouble you.

To aid a Workman in distress—this is the Work-
man's task—

Do we like it? Do we like it?

The tears of sorrow, turned to joy, is all the praise
we ask—

Do we want it? Well, I should say so.

And when at last the summons from death's angel
shall appear,

And the weeping wife and children gather round a
Brother's bier,

The Workman's Benefaction comes, to comfort and
to cheer.

Do we like it? Well, I should say so.

A.—A.—O. U. W.

Join a Workman Lodge and nothing ill can
trouble you.

—Sam Booth.

THE WORKMEN WILL BE THERE.

Air—"My Hannah Lady"

We are the Ancient Order, a United Workmen band;
Our Lodges have been planted in all this glorious
land,

In every town and hamlet the Workmen's altars
stand,

And Workmen Lodges meet, with Master Workmen
in command.

Soldiers, sailors, merchants, tailors, clergymen and
eranks,

Plowmen, ranchmen, Danes and Frenchmen, join
the Workmen ranks;

Bankers, bakers, undertakers 'round our altars come,
To give protection, and with kind affection to pre-
serve the Workman's home.

—CHORUS:

O Brother Workmen, we all love you,
And Workmen Sisters, we love you too;
And when Gabriel blows his horn
The Resurrection morn
The United Workmen surely will be there.

It's two and thirty years now, since the Workman
plan was made,
By good old Father Upehurch, and its firm founda-
tions laid.

And now, one hundred and ten million dollars have
been paid,

And fifty thousand families have felt its kindly aid.

Every station, occupation, finds a welcome dear;

Every region and religion's represented here;

Every County gets the bounty of our Order true,

From San Diego and from old Bodego, away up to
Siskiyou.

—CHORUS:

O Brother Workmen, we all love you,
And Workmen Sisters, we love you too,
And when Peter at the gate
Shall pass in those who wait
The United Workmen will be there.

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